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1923

Makers of Canadian Literature

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

LIBRARY EDITION

Makers of Canadian Literature

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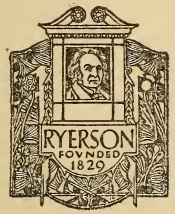
Dedicated to the writers of Canada - past and present - the real Master-builders and Interpreters of our great Dominion - in the hope that our People, equal heirs in the rich inheritance, may learn to know them intimately; and knowing them love them; and loving - follow

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

by

JAMES CAPPON



TORONTO
THE RYERSON PRESS

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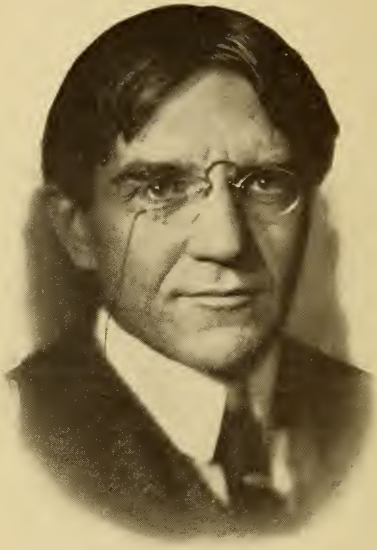

Charles G. D. Roberts

BIOGRAPHICAL

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

HARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS was born at Douglas, a rural parish near Fredericton, New Brunswick, on the tenth of January, 1860. His father was the Reverend Canon George Goodridge Roberts, M.A., LL.D., a classical scholar, a poet, and a man of fine athletic mould. A picture of his father appears in the person of the rector in Roberts' novel, "The Heart that Knows." Canon Roberts was the eldest son of George Roberts, Ph.D., LL.D., at one time head master of Fredericton Collegiate School, and later professor of classics in the University of New Brunswick. Mr. Roberts' mother was Emma Wetmore Bliss Roberts, daughter of the Honourable George Pidgeon Bliss, Attorney-General of New Brunswick, and a descendant of the Reverend Daniel Bliss, of Concord, the great-grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose son Daniel was one of the most

celebrated New England lawyers of Revolutionary days. The name Daniel Bliss appears in the list of attorneys who, in 1774, signed the address to Governor Hutchison when that official was removed from the Province of Massachusetts. His name also appears in the list of men mentioned in the Banishment Act of the State of Massachusetts, 1778. Charles G. D. Roberts was, therefore, of the lineage of scholars and United Empire Loyalists.

Shortly after his birth the Roberts family moved to Westcock parish in Westmoreland County, New Brunswick, where they remained until Canon Roberts received his appointment as rector of the parish of Fredericton. It is interesting to note in this connection that William Wilfred Campbell, Archibald Lampman and Robert Norwood also spent their early days in a rectory.

The Fredericton rectory will live for ever in the minds of all lovers of literature as one of the most remarkable cradles of genius on record. It was a home of plain living and high thinking. Its atmosphere was one of lofty idealism enriched by good books and excellent friends. The Roberts children received their

early education from their father, a graduate of the University of New Brunswick and a keen student to the end of his days. He not only found time to direct their individual studies, but spent long hours reading aloud to them from the best books on his ample shelves. For the rest, the children had the run of his library, and they read and re-read everything within reach. Three of the family, in addition to Charles G. D., have achieved distinction in letters: Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, author of many fine poems and excellent essays; William Carman Roberts, associate editor, the *Literary Digest;* and Theodore Goodridge Roberts, writer of many novels and quite a body of verse. Goodridge Bliss Roberts, another member of this household, a poet of great promise, died in early life, while a student of divinity.

Before Charles G. D. Roberts had begun school he already had possessed himself of an intellectual competence full and rich. Entering Fredericton Collegiate he came under the direct influence of the head master, George R. Parkin, later Sir George Parkin, General Superintendent of the Cecil Rhodes Scholarship Trust. Another of his teachers was

George E. Foster, now the Right Honourable Sir George Foster, of the Senate of Canada. Bliss Carman, his cousin, was a fellow student, and both alike owe much to the head master, who, in methods and ideals, resembled Arnold, of Rugby. Graduating from Fredericton Collegiate School with the Douglas medal in classics, Roberts matriculated at the University of New Brunswick. In 1877 he received the classical scholarship, with honours in both Greek and Latin, and the following year was awarded the Alumni gold medal for an essay in Latin. He graduated in 1879 with honours in mental and moral philosophy and political economy.

Upon his graduation Mr. Roberts accepted the head mastership of the Grammar School, at Chatham, New Brunswick. He was an excellent disciplinarian and maintained order where other teachers had failed. He was the only master, and took all the subjects, handling them well. Although constantly busy with literary work, he always found time to join the boys in their sports, and amazed his pupils, as he had his fellow students at the university, with his feats of strength. He encouraged his students to visit his library at night, to

browse among his many books, and gave himself liberally in special tuition. At this time his chief diversion was his Malicete birch canoe, which he had brought with him from the St. John river.

One year later, 1880, and while he was still at Chatham, there appeared his first volume of verse, entitled "Orion and Other Poems," published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The book is dedicated to his father, and the opening lines of the dedicatory poem run thus:

These first-fruits, gathered by distant ways,
In brief, sweet moments of toilsome days,
  When the weary brain was a thought less weary,
And the heart found strength for delight and praise,—

I bring them and proffer them to thee.
All blown and beaten by winds of the sea,
  Ripened beside the tide-vexed river,—
The broad, ship-laden Miramichi.

The first poem in this remarkable first offering is "To the Spirit of Song," and contains the promise of the robust beauty and distinction of the best of his work in later years. He says in part:

Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder,
  Beauty, might and splendour of the soul of song;
Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder
  Soul from body, when lips faint and thought is strong;

Surely I have heard
The ample silence stirred
By intensest music from no throat of bird.
Smitten down before thy feet
From the paths of heaven sweet,
Lowly I await the song upon my lips conferred.

The title poem of this little collection clearly reflects his classical education, and his fondness for classical themes. He began under the spell of Keats and imitated his master's luxuriousness of phrase and fancy, as well as his sensuous richness of colour and cadence. To his aid he summoned all the gods of mythical Arcadia. Perhaps he had done better to have followed the simplicity and candour of Wordsworth during these formative years. Perhaps, too, it would have put into his work that ethical content it seems ever to have lacked—high purpose, fidelity, sincerity and naturalism. As it was, "Orion" was a theme too vast, and his treatment inevitably becomes grandiose and unreal. Indeed, Mr. Roberts seems to have sensed this, for either the urgent necessity of bread, or the feeling of unreality, soon prompted him to choose themes less remote than those of the legendary Arcadia, and so he takes this

mournful farewell of all his nymphs, dryads, and mythical gods and heroes.[1]

Ah me! No wind from golden Thessaly
Blows in on me as in the golden days;
No morning music from the dew-sweet ways,
No pipings, such as came so clear to me
Out of green meadows by the sparkling sea;
No goddess any more, no Dryad strays,
And glorifies with songs the laurel maze;
Or else I hear not and I cannot see.

For out of weary hands is fallen the lyre,
And sobs in falling; all the purple glow
From weary eyes is faded, which before
Saw bright Apollo and the blissful choir
In every mountain grove. Nor can I know
If I shall surely see them any more.

Mr. Roberts had planned for some time to take a post-graduate course at the universities of Oxford and Edinburgh, but he suddenly changed his mind; and on the last day but one of the year, December 29, 1880, he was married to Mary Isabel Fenety, a daughter of George E. Fenety, Queen's Printer, of Fredericton, New Brunswick. The following year, and while still head master of Chatham Grammar School, he completed the requirements for his M.A. degree from his Alma Mater.

1 Vide: "Roberts and the Influences of his Time," by James Cappon.

In 1882 he was appointed head master of York Street School, Fredericton, a position which he was to retain for one year.

The Week, an excellent literary journal, was about this time founded by Goldwin Smith in Toronto, and Roberts became its first editor in 1883. The convictions of the editor and the founder were so dissimilar that the situation soon became impossible. Roberts believed ardently in Canadian independence within the Empire, while Goldwin Smith was equally convinced that annexation by the United States was the ultimate and desirable destiny of Canada. Therefore, having to give editorial countenance to views forced into the journal, which were abhorrent to him, he adopted the only possible course, and resigned after four troubled, but not unfruitful months, returning to New Brunswick. Before he quitted his post, however, he had attracted to *The Week* the finest literary talent of the Dominion. Archibald Lampman, William Wilfred Campbell, Isabella Valancy Crawford, Pauline Johnson, Charles Mair, Duncan Campbell Scott and a host of others, contributed regularly to his pages.

The following year and a half, Mr. Roberts

spent in free-lance journalism, barely making ends meet. Fortunately for him, a vacancy occurred on the staff of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and in 1885 he became professor of English and French Literature and Political Economy. The salary was small and inadequate, but, in spite of this handicap, he produced much of his best work here. He was indefatigable, teaching all morning and writing incessantly afternoons and evenings. His chief literary output was poetry, together with a number of boys' stories.

About this time he entered the competition for a History of Canada for use in the schools. The prize was awarded to Clements, Roberts' being considered too exhaustive for a school text book. It was ultimately published, however, and still sells.

Mr. Roberts' son, Lloyd, has restored the picture of those Windsor days in his very charming work, "The Book of Roberts." The fields and walks about their home, "Kingscroft;" the Boston bull, Major; the jolly conclaves about the fireplace, echoing "Bingo" or "Rolling Home;" the sacred enclosure of the study, where the children might come if they were quiet; the interesting friends who visited

them, the after-supper romp and the ominous voice from the study, "Half-past eight, chicks!"

Mr. Roberts has left two poems which are an interesting reminiscence of these early days in the Windsor home. The first is "Sleepy Man":

When the Sleepy Man comes with dust on his eyes
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one,
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down.
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

The second poem is equally well known. It is entitled "A Wake-Up Song."

Sun's up, wind's up! Wake up, dearies!
Leave your coverlets white and downy,
June's come into the world this morning.
Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!

. . . . .

Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!
Cat-bird wants you in the garden soon.
You and I, butterflies, bobolinks, and clover,
We've a lot to do on the first of June.

An interesting sidelight upon this period is provided through the courtesy of Robert Norwood. He writes: "In my second year Roberts warmed up to me by virtue of a poem I had contributed to the *King's College Record:* and, after that, I think I was more intimately associated with him than any other fellow, with the exception, perhaps, of Charles Vernon, my room-mate. . . . I spent every spare night after that in Roberts' study. We had an understanding that I was to drop in whenever I liked; and, if he were busy, he would sometimes not even look up and nod, but went on with his work as though I were not there. He had a splendid library into which I dipped. Invariably, however, at the stroke of ten, Roberts would put aside his manuscript. He was then writing his history of Canada. He would stretch himself and move over to a corner shelf where stood a long-necked, grass-covered bottle of fine old Jamaica rum. With much ceremony he would brew a punch for himself and me; and then we would sit while he talked Canadian history, read from his manuscript or listened to something I had brought over for him. I have always affirmed that, with the exception of

Dr. Willits, who gave me classics, I got more from Roberts than I did from the rest of my university course. . . . I dedicated 'The Modernists' to him as a slight tribute of my affection."

Mr. Roberts, as we have already seen, was an indefatigable worker. In addition to his "History of Canada," he completed his first Acadian romance, "The Forge in the Forest"—indeed, his residence in the Land of Evangeline and Abbé Le Loutre, and his pilgrimages of exploration through the Maritime Provinces, chiefly about the Bay of Fundy, made a lasting impression upon him, and inspired, coloured and enriched nearly everything of permanent value in this work.

IN THE AFTERNOON

Wind of the summer afternoon,
Hush, for my heart is out of tune!

Hush, for thou movest restlessly
The too light sleeper, memory!

Whate'er thou hast to tell me, yet
'Twere something sweeter to forget—

Sweeter than all thy breath of balm,
An hour of unremembering calm.

. . . .

BIOGRAPHICAL

Once more I snuff the salt, I stand
On the long dykes of Westmoreland;

I watch the narrowing flats, the strip
Of red clay at the water's lip;

Far off the net-reels, brown and high,
And boat-masts slim against the sky;

Along the ridges of the dykes
Wind-beaten scant sea-grass, and spikes

Of last year's mullein; down the slopes
To landward, in the sun, thick ropes

Of blue vetch, and convolvulus,
And matted roses glorious.

The liberal blooms o'erbrim my hands;
I walk the level, wide marsh-lands;

Waist-deep in dusty-blossomed grass
I watch the swooping breezes pass

In sudden, long, pale lines, that flee
Up the deep breast of this green sea.

. . . .

Hast thou one eager yearning filled,
Or any restless throbbing stilled,

Or hast thou any power to bear
Even a little of my care?—

Ever so little of this weight
Of weariness canst thou abate?

Ah, poor thy gift indeed, unless
Thou bring the old child-heartedness—

And such a gift to bring is given,
Alas, to no wind under heaven!

Wind of the summer afternoon,
Be still; my heart is not in tune.

Sweet is thy voice; but yet, but yet—
Of all 'twere sweetest to forget!

Two years after his appointment as professor at Kings (1887), there appeared "In Divers Tones," a book of poems. Since then, with an almost bewildering rapidity and profusion, books have come leaping from his pen, some years yielding two, and others as many as three and even four.

In this volume of verse he returned again to the old idyllic themes in the poem "Actæon." But it is no longer Keats who alone holds him in thrall. The adaptation of the dramatic monologue, the ambitious psychological treatment, and the harsh and abrupt style which he frequently simulates, undoubtedly remind us of Browning. But on the whole he is Tennysonian in his mingled simplicity and ornateness of diction. Already we behold a lack of originality, a strain of medley, which indicate a new orientation of his own thought and life. Indeed the legend "In Divers Tones" might fittingly be placed over everything he was from now on to write.

Mr. Roberts remained professor of English and French Literature and Political Economy from 1885 until 1888. From 1888 until 1895 he was professor of English Literature and Economics. In 1893 he was one of the literary arbiters at the World's Fair, Chicago. The year previous (1892) there appeared his third book of verse, "Songs of the Common Day," a sonnet sequence calling up the scenes of his native New Brunswick coast. These poems are marked by a new simplicity of manner. Such poems as "The Flight of the Geese," "The Potato Harvest," and "The Sower" are excellent examples of his new freedom, simplicity and originality. Frequently, however, they are marred by weak or unoriginal moralizing, by a lack of clear-cut characterization, and the inability to interpret life profoundly and critically.[1]

In "Ave" (1892) Mr. Roberts again returned to the grand traditional forms of poetry akin to Shelley's "Adonais," Arnold's "Thyrsis" and Swinburne's "Ave atque Vale." The twelve years since "Orion," and the five

[1] Vide: "Roberts and the Influences of his Time," by James Cappon.

years since "Actæon," had not restored regularity to his beauty or purged away his rhetoric. But occasionally he was capable, as in verses xviii, xxiii and xxiv, of reaching high melodic effects.

Mr. Roberts resigned his professorship in 1896, and moved to New York. He was to leave behind him most of what was valuable in his claim to a place in the pantheon of the young nation's letters. He is to live in the minds of his countrymen as a poet, and the greatest of his verse had now been written. In the field of fiction, into which he had already essayed, and in the nature stories with which he was to blaze a new trail, he had to depend upon the recollection of his experiences in the Maritime Provinces.

The honour of originating the modern nature story belongs to Charles G. D. Roberts. Some think of him as an absentee naturalist, conjuring his animal tragedies and comedies by the wizardry of his imagination. This error is successfully disposed of when one knows the facts of his life. From his earliest childhood he was in love with nature in all its forms and moods. He excelled in sports, but he loved his canoe with a sort of passionate

devotion. It was his chief delight to penetrate into the wild fastnesses of his native province, to explore unfamiliar lakes and shoot dangerous rapids, and when night came pitch his tent in the open. He was courageous and self-reliant, and not only oblivious of danger, but always able to inspire confidence in others and in himself. Bliss Carman loves to tell of these vacations spent plundering happiness from the vast, fragrant forests of New Brunswick, when he and Roberts left books and society behind for the wisdom and the freedom of the wild.

Mr. Roberts dedicates to Bliss Carman "Birch and Paddle," a poem reminiscent of common joys and enthusiasms.

Friend, those delights of ours
Under the sun and showers—

Athrough the noonday blue
Sliding our light canoe,

Or floating, hushed, at eve,
Where the dim pine-tops grieve!

What tonic days were they
Where shy streams dart and play—

Where rivers, brown and strong
As caribou, bound along

Break, into angry parle,
With wildcat rapids snarl.

Subside, and like a snake
Wind to the quiet lake!

. . . .

So, Friend, with ears and eyes
Which shy divinities

Have opened with their kiss,
We need no balm but this,—

A little space for dreams
On care-unsullied streams—

'Mid task and toil, a space
To dream on Nature's face!

In addition to these explorations, where he dwelt for long periods among the wild things he loved, he went on a walking tour of Quebec with Joacquin Miller, and travelled extensively about Eastern Canada, principally to its shrines of beauty and heroism. It was on such a tour that he wrote descriptive sketches to accompany Mr. H. Sandman's drawings in "Picturesque Canada."

It has also been said that Mr. Roberts was an imitator of Kipling, Thompson Seton and others in his treatment of the nature story. In the first place he contributed "Do Seek Their Meat from God" to *Harper's Magazine*

in the late eighties, and from then on provided a constantly increasing number of similar stories for *Lippincott's Magazine, Youth's Companion* and many more. If, therefore, there was any imitating it must have been by some one else. In the second place it is necessary to observe that the methods of Roberts and Thompson Seton are totally different. The latter is a patient naturalist, collecting data with infinite pains, and describing what he has discovered with minute detail. Roberts has neither the time nor the taste for this exacting science. He simply takes the wild creatures he loves, gives them a soul, makes them sharers in the common air and life of the world, and the result is scientific and yet more than science.

After Mr. Roberts took up his residence in New York he was employed as an editorial writer on *The Illustrated American,* also engaging in free lance work until 1907, when he went abroad.

Speaking before the Canadian Club in Toronto, February 26, 1903, Mr. Roberts corrected the mistake frequently made, that he had yielded to a popular fad in his nature stories merely to keep the pot boiling. While he did

not yield to any one in his regard for keeping the pot boiling, yet in this instance he had simply taken advantage of a popular fad to write what he had long been wanting to write. For instance, he declared that he was the father of the animal story, and that Thompson Seton acknowledged his priority. In the early eighties he had written the first three animal stories of the modern type of which he knew. These he succeeded in selling after a couple of years for $14.00, $20.00 and $25.00. The editor of the magazine advised him to stick to his poetry, that the animal stories were like nothing under the sun, being neither fish, nor flesh, nor fowl, so that he wrote no more animal stories until the vogue came.

Upon his return from Italy, June, 1907, he answered President Roosevelt's charge, in which he classed Roberts, Seton and Long as "nature fakirs," in that they wrote about animal lore with which they had no other connection than the imagination. "I shall try in a friendly way," says Mr. Roberts, "to correct the President, and shall also write an emphatic defence of the nature school to which I, with several

others, belong. There are two distinct branches of nature writers, one headed by John Burroughs, and the opposite school, who are concerned in animal psychology, and who are supported in the belief that animals are actuated in varying degrees by a process akin to reason. That they do think and compare is our creed, and we are backed up by backwoodsmen, trappers and trainers of wild animals."

The next year after his removal to New York, he published "The Book of the Native" (1896), in which he abandoned nature poetry for reflection. The gods of his early devotion are now abandoned for strangely conflicting ideals. Now, as in "Heal All," he exhibits the ethical feeling of Wordsworth, and again, as in "Autochthon" and "The Unsleeping," he champions an Emersonian philosophic mysticism. Even in the same poem, strange and unaccountable antitheses occur. He is best when he turns aside from his theorizing. Take, for example, this from "Kinship":

> Back to wisdom take me, mother,
> Comfort me with kindred hands;
> Tell me tales the world's forgetting
> Till my spirit understands.

Tell me how some sightless impulse,
  Working out a hidden plan,
God for kin and clay for fellow,
  Wakes to find itself a man.

Or this from "Recessional":

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Words must go as well as we,
  In the long procession joining
Mount, and star, and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb
Where the round year rolls sublime;
  Rolls, and drops, and falls for ever
In the vast of time;

Like a plummet plunging deep
Past the utmost reach of sleep,
  Till remembrance has no longer
Care to laugh or weep.

"The Book of the Native" was followed by "New York Nocturnes" (1898), in which the prophecy of "The Poet Bidden to Manhattan Island" was verified.

Where once he had looked with longing eyes towards Arcadian vales, and romantic lands bordering on the Bay of Fundy, now he gravitates towards a sentimental and erotic transformation of literary ideals. Wordsworth has left his Rydal Mount, Emerson his Concord, and Roberts his Tantramar for the

crowd and delights of Bohemia and the gratification of ambition. The poems "New Life," "Twilight on Sixth Avenue" and "The Ideal" are representative of this new development in his art.

It will not be necessary to linger over Mr. Roberts' life and work in New York. An interesting picture of this period is contained in one of the early chapters of "The Book of Roberts." Mr. Roberts, Lloyd, Bliss Carman and an artist lived in apartments on Ninth Street and the combined struggle to make ends meet is but vaguely implied. At any rate, this was the birthplace of many of the "Pipes of Pan" and "Rose" poems. Mr. Roberts and his son moved to lodgings on Fifth Avenue, and the little coterie was broken up for good, although they frequently came together with many other kindred spirits.

"The Book of the Rose" (1898-1902) appeared in 1902. Here again Mr. Roberts sang in divers tones. The mystical idealism of Rossetti's "The House of Life" is seen in

> The world becomes a little thing;
> Art, travel, music, men,
> And all that these can ever give
> Are in her brow's white ken.

Elsewhere he follows Swinburne, Beaudelaire or Kipling, as in "The Stranded Ship." Mr. Roberts has as yet discovered no high and compelling purpose. His variety reflects the disturbance in his own mind and the conflicting wild cries about him. Much of this volume is still the result of artistic experiment and exhibits a lack of high resolve.[1]

In his greatest moods Mr. Roberts has realized "The august infinitude of man." Possibly only four or five American poets have done this in the elemental manner. For want of a better word we call it the cosmic touch. Bliss Carman has it in a marked degree, Walt Whitman also, and James Russell Lowell once in his "Ode to Columbus." Albert Durrant Watson possesses the same faculty, as may be seen in "The Hills of Life" and "Under the Open Sky." This is one of the greatest and least understood aspects of Roberts' work. Those who have read will not soon forget such poems as "In the Wide Awe and Wisdom of the Night," "O Solitary of the Austere Sky" and "Beyond the Tops of Time": in these great moments there is an ease and mastery

[1] Vide: "Roberts and the Influences of his Time," by James Cappon.

that is unsurpassed, and this greatness will be understood, and will grow in authority, as the human spirit develops. Few poems more clearly reveal the scope which scientific knowledge gives to the imagination.

In the wide awe and wisdom of the night
I saw the round world rolling on its way,
Beyond significance of depth or height,
Beyond the interchange of dark and day.

. . . . .

I compassed time, outstripped the starry speed,
And in my still Soul apprehended space.

. . . . .

And knew the Universe of no such span
As the august infinitude of man.

O solitary of the austere sky,
Pale presence of the unextinguished star,

. . . . .

How small am I in thine august regard!
Invisible,—and yet I know my worth!
When comes the hour to break this prisoning shard,
And reunite with Him that breathed me forth.
Then shall this atom of the Eternal Soul
Encompass thee in its benign control!

After leaving New York, Mr. Roberts travelled for a year or more, chiefly in France and Germany, and then settled in England. On the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, he enlisted as a private in the Legion of Frontiers-

men. Having preserved his unusual athletic vigor he was successful in training cavalry remounts. In December of the same year he was made lieutenant of the 16th Battalion of the King's Regiment, becoming a captain in 1915 and major, O.M.F.C., 1917. Subsequently he became associated with Lord Beaverbrook in the Canadian War Records' Office, assisting in the preparation of the official story of Canada's share in the Great War, "Canada in Flanders." The third volume of the series appeared under his name. Since that time Mr. Roberts has continued to reside in London, England.

The literary output of Mr. Roberts during these recent years has been nothing short of amazing. So colossal is the list of his books, serials, articles and editorial ventures, that it is with the greatest difficulty one is able to prepare a correct bibliography.

Mr. Roberts, in 1906, received from his Alma Mater, the University of New Brunswick, the LL.D. degree, making the third successive generation to be recipient of their highest honour. He has also been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and a member of the Authors' Club, of London, England.

Mr. Roberts has never boasted of perfection. He has never haughtily claimed his literary rights, for he has allowed his works to speak for him. He has drunk deeply of both delight and disappointment. And through it all he has been kind to a fault, always compassionate, even to animals, unfailingly courteous, and consequently of all men most easily imposed upon by tricksters and vagabonds. Several of his friends have unknowingly used the very words of the tutoress in his Windsor home, who is still alive, and who writes of him: "He was always helping lame dogs over the stile and getting no thanks."

Being lavish of his sympathy, Mr. Roberts was prodigal with his goods—"an open hand for all who came to borrow." Consequently he was invariably in straitened circumstances. He has always been a strange compendium of strong and weak traits, his very weaknesses making him loved by his friends. Above all, he has an extraordinary capacity for friendship, for comradeship.

I should like to close this brief sketch of Mr. Roberts with the tribute of a friend. "Three things stand out among my impressions of Roberts, the man and the artist," writes Robert

Norwood. "The first is his universal kindness to his world. I have never met a man so invariably kind and generous. Probably this virtue was his fault, but I can never forget his unfailing kindness to me, and I saw it always in his relationship to everybody else. He was always 'helping a lame dog over the stile,' and was ever enthusiastic about the other fellow's work. The second is his intellectual strength—a remarkable brain. I do not speak here of the artist, but of the intellectual. He has the brain of a bank manager, strongly balanced, a mind that ranges easily over almost every topic. The third is his artistic austerity. After many years I look back on Charles G. D. Roberts as one of the greatest men I have met—a most magnetic personality, a great mind and a very tender spirit. Roberts, like Peter Pan, refused to grow up, and never would take the ethical world seriously. He had the dignity of a Puritan, but he lacked the Puritan's sense of personal responsibility to his world."

ANTHOLOGY

XV

And thou, thenceforth the breathless child of change,
Thine own Alastor, on an endless quest
Of unimagined loveliness didst range,
Urged ever by the soul's divine unrest.
Of that high quest and that unrest divine
Thy first immortal music thou didst make,
Inwrought with fairy Alp, and Reuss, and Rhine,
And phantom seas that break
In soundless foam along the shores of Time,
Prisoned in thine imperishable rhyme.

XVI

Thyself the lark melodious in mid-heaven;
Thyself the Protean shape of chainless cloud,
Pregnant with elemental fire, and driven
Through deeps of quivering light, and darkness, loud

With tempest, yet beneficent as prayer;
Thyself the wild west wind, relentless strewing
The withered leaves of custom on the air,
And through the wreck pursuing
O'er lovelier Arnos, more imperial Romes,
Thy radiant visions to their viewless homes.

XVII

And when thy mightiest creation thou
Wert fain to body forth—the dauntless form,
The all-enduring, all-forgiving brow
Of the great Titan, flinchless in the storm
Of pangs unspeakable and nameless hates,
Yet rent by all the wrongs and woes of men,
And triumphing in his pain, that so their fates
Might be assuaged—oh then,
Out of that vast compassionate heart of thine,
Thou wert constrained to shape the dream benign.

XVIII

O Baths of Caracalla, arches clad
In such transcendent rhapsodies of green
That one might guess the sprites of spring were glad
For your majestic ruin, yours the scene,

The illuminating air of sense and thought;
And yours the enchanted light, O skies of Rome,
Where the giant vision into form was wrought;
Beneath your blazing dome
The intensest song our language ever knew
Beat up exhaustless to the blinding blue!

XIX

The domes of Pisa and her towers superb,
The myrtles and the ilexes that sigh
O'er San Giuliano, where no jars disturb
The lonely aziola's evening cry,
The Serchio's sun-kissed waters—these conspired
With Plato's theme occult, with Dante's calm
Rapture of mystic love, and so inspired
Thy soul's espousal psalm,
A strain of such elect and pure intent
It breathes of a diviner element.

XX

Thou on whose lips the word of Love became
A rapt evangel to assuage all wrong,
Not Love alone, but the austerer name
Of Death engaged the splendours of thy song.

The luminous grief, the spacious consolation
Of thy supreme lament, that mourned for him,
Too early haled to that still habitation
Beneath the grass-roots dim,
Where his faint limbs and pain-o'erwearied heart
Of all earth's loveliness became a part,

XXI

But where, thou sayest, himself would not abide,—
Thy solemn incommunicable joy
Announcing Adonais has not died,
Attesting death to free, but not destroy,
All this was as thy swan-song mystical.
Even while the note serene was on thy tongue
Thin grew the veil of the Invisible,
The white sword nearer swung,—
And in the sudden wisdom of thy rest
Thou knewest all thou hadst but dimly guessed.

XXII

Lament, Lerici! mourn for the world's loss!
Mourn that pure light of song extinct at noon!
Ye waves of Spezzia that shine and toss,
Repent that sacred flame you quenched too soon!

Mourn, Mediterranean waters, mourn
In affluent purple down your golden shore!
Such strains as his, whose voice you stilled in scorn,
Our ears may greet no more,
Unless at last to that far sphere we climb
Where he completes the wonder of his rhyme!

XXIII

How like a cloud she fled, thy fateful bark,
From eyes that watched to hearts that waited, till
Up from the ocean roared the tempest dark—
And the wild heart Love waited for was still!
Hither and thither in the slow, soft tide,
Rolled seaward, shoreward, sands and wandering shells
And shifting weeds, thy fellows, thou didst hide
Remote from all farewells,
Nor felt the sun, nor heard the fleeting rain,
Nor heeded Casa Magni's quenchless pain.

XXIV

Thou heedest not? Nay, for it was not thou,
That blind, mute clay relinquished by the waves
Reluctantly at last, and slumbering now
In one of kind earth's most compassionate graves!

Not thou, not thou—for thou wert in the light
  Of the Unspeakable, where time is not.
Thou sawest those tears; but in thy perfect sight
  And thy eternal thought
Were they not even now all wiped away
In the reunion of the infinite day!

XXV

There face to face thou sawest the living God
  And worshipedst, beholding Him the same
Adored on earth as Love, the same whose rod
  Thou hadst endured as Life, whose secret name
Thou now didst learn, the healing name of Death.
  In that unroutable profound of peace,
Beyond experience of pulse and breath,
  Beyond the last release
Of longing, rose to greet thee all the lords
Of Thought, with consummation in their words:

XXVI

He of the seven cities claimed, whose eyes,
  Though blind, saw gods and heroes, and the fall
Of Ilium, and many alien skies,
And Circe's Isle; and he whom mortals call

The Thunderous, who sang the Titan bound
As thou the Titan victor; the benign
Spirit of Plato; Job; and Judah's crowned
Singer and seer divine;
Omar; the Tuscan; Milton vast and strong;
And Shakespeare, captain of the host of Song.

XXVII

Back from the underworld of whelming change
To the wide-glittering beach thy body came;
And thou didst contemplate with wonder strange
And curious regard thy kindred flame,
Fed sweet with frankincense and wine and salt,
With fierce purgation search thee, soon resolving
Thee to the elements of the airy vault
And the far spheres revolving,
The common waters, the familiar woods,
And the great hills' inviolate solitudes.

XXVIII

Thy close companions there officiated
With solemn mourning and with mindful tears,
The pained, imperious wanderer unmated
Who voiced the wrath of those rebellious years;

Trelawney, lion-limbed and high of heart;
And he, that gentlest sage and friend most true,
Whom Adonais loved. With these bore part
One grieving ghost, that flew
Hither and thither through the smoke unstirred
In wailing semblance of a wild white bird.

XXIX

O heart of fire, that fire might not consume,
Forever glad the world because of thee;
Because of thee forever eyes illume
A more enchanted earth, a lovelier sea!
O poignant voice of the desire of life,
Piercing our lethargy, because thy call
Aroused our spirits to a nobler strife
Where base and sordid fall,
Forever past the conflict and the pain,
More clearly beams the goal we shall attain!

XXX

And now once more, O marshes, back to you
From whatsoever wanderings, near or far,
To you I turn with joy forever new,
To you, O sovereign vasts of Tantramar!

Your tides are at the full. Your wizard flood,
With every tribute stream and brimming creek,
Ponders, possessor of the utmost good,
With no more left to seek,—
But the hour wanes and passes; and once more
Resounds the ebb with destiny in its roar.

XXXI

So might some lord of men, whom force and fate
And his great heart's unvanquishable power
Have thrust with storm to his supreme estate,
Ascend by night his solitary tower
High o'er the city's lights and cries uplift,
Silent he ponders the scrolled heaven to read
And the keen stars' conflicting message sift,
Till the slow signs recede,
And ominously scarlet dawns afar
The day he leads his legions forth to war.

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE POTATO HARVEST

A high, bare field, brown from the plough, and
borne
Aslant from sunset; amber wastes of sky
Washing the ridge; a clamour of crows that
fly
In from the wide flats where the spent tides
mourn
To yon, their rocking roosts in pines wind-torn;
A line of grey snake-fence, that zigzags by
A pond, and cattle; from the homestead nigh
The long deep summonings of the supper horn.

Black on the ridge, against that lonely flush,
A cart, and stoop-necked oxen; ranged
beside
Some barrels; and the day-worn harvest-
folk,
Here emptying their baskets, jar the hush
With hollow thunders. Down the dusk
hillside
Lumbers the wain; and day fades out like
smoke.

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THE SOWER

A brown, sad-coloured hillside, where the soil
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-line,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil; and though small joy
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
This plodding churl grows great in his employ;—
Godlike, he makes provision for mankind.

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE FLIGHT OF THE GEESE

I hear the low wind wash the softening snow,
The low tide loiter down the shore. The night,
Full filled with April forecast, hath no light.
The salt wave on the sedge-flat pulses slow.

Through the hid furrows lisp in murmurous flow
The thaw's shy ministers; and hark! the height
Of heaven grows weird and loud with unseen flight
Of strong hosts prophesying as they go!

High through the drenched and hollow night their wings
Beat northward hard on winter's trail. The sound
Of their confused and solemn voices, borne
Athwart the dark to their long Arctic morn,
Comes with a sanction and an awe profound,
A boding of unknown, foreshadowed things.

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THE HEAL-ALL

Dear blossom of the wayside kin,
  Whose homely, wholesome name
Tells of a potency within
  To win thee country fame!

The sterile hillocks are thy home,
  Beside the windy path;
The sky, a pale and lonely dome,
  Is all thy vision hath.

Thy unobtrusive purple face
  Amid the meagre grass
Greets me with long-remembered grace,
  And cheers me as I pass.

And I, outworn by petty care,
  And vexed with trivial wrong,
I heed thy brave and joyous air
  Until my heart grows strong.

A lesson from the Power I crave
  That moves in me and thee,
That makes thee modest, calm, and brave,
  Me restless as the sea.

Thy simple wisdom I would gain,—
To heal the hurt Life brings,
With kindly cheer, and faith in pain,
And joy of common things.

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AN EPITAPH FOR A HUSBANDMAN

He who would start and rise
Before the crowing cocks,—
No more he lifts his eyes,
Whoever knocks.

He who before the stars
Would call the cattle home,—
They wait about the bars
For him to come.

Him at whose hearty calls
The farmstead woke again
The horses in their stalls
Expect in vain.

Busy, and blithe, and bold,
He laboured for the morrow,—
The plough his hands would hold
Rusts in the furrow.

His fields he had to leave,
  His orchards cool and dim;
The clods he used to cleave
  Now cover him.

But the green, growing things
  Lean kindly to his sleep,—
White roots and wandering strings,
  Closer they creep.

Because he loved them long
  And with them bore his part,
Tenderly now they throng
  About his heart.

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AT TIDE WATER

The red and yellow of the Autumn salt-grass,
  The grey flats, and the yellow-grey full
    tide,
The lonely stacks, the grave expanse of
    marshes,—
  O Land wherein my memories abide,

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

I have come back that you may make me
tranquil,
Resting a little at your heart of peace,
Remembering much amid your serious leisure,
Forgetting more amid your large release.
For yours the wisdom of the night and morning,
The word of the inevitable years,
The open Heaven's unobscured communion,
And the dim whisper of the wheeling spheres.
The great things and the terrible I bring you,
To be illumined in your spacious breath,—
Love, and the ashes of desire, and anguish,
Strange laughter, and the unhealing wound
of death.
These in the world, all these, have come upon me,
Leaving me mute and shaken with surprise.
Oh, turn them in your measureless contemplation,
And in their mastery teach me to be wise.

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RECESSIONAL

Now along the solemn heights
Fade the Autumn's altar-lights;
Down the great earth's glimmering chancel
Glide the days and nights.

Little kindred of the grass,
Like a shadow in a glass
  Falls the dark and falls the stillness;
We must rise and pass.

We must rise and follow, wending
Where the nights and days have ending,—
  Pass in order pale and slow
Unto sleep extending.

Little brothers of the clod,
Soul of fire and seed of sod,
  We must fare into the silence
At the knees of God.

Little comrades of the sky
Wing to wing we wander by,
  Going, going, going, going,
Softly as a sigh.

Hark, the moving shapes confer,
Globe of dew and gossamer,
  Fading and ephemeral spirits
In the dusk astir.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Worlds must go as well as we,
  In the long procession joining
Mount, and star, and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb
Where the round year rolls sublime,
  Rolls, and drops, and falls forever
In the vast of time;

Like a plummet plunging deep
Past the utmost reach of sleep,
  Till remembrance has no longer
Care to laugh or weep.

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ON THE CREEK

Dear Heart, the noisy strife
  And bitter carpings cease.
Here is the lap of life.
  Here are the lips of peace.

Afar from stir of streets,
  The city's dust and din,
What healing silence meets
  And greets us gliding in!

Our light birch silent floats;
  Soundless the paddle dips.
Yon sunbeam thick with motes
  Athro' the leafage slips,

To light the iris wings
  Of dragon-flies alit
On lily-leaves, and things
  Of gauze that float and flit.

Above the water's brink
  Hush'd winds make summer riot;
Our thirsty spirits drink
  Deep, deep, the summer quiet.

We slip the world's grey husk,
  Emerge, and spread new plumes;
In sunbeam-fretted dusk,
  Thro' populous golden glooms,

Like thistledown we slide,
  Two disembodied dreams,—
With spirits alert, wide-eyed,
  Explore the perfume-streams.

For scents of various grass
  Stream down the veering breeze;
Warm puffs of honey pass
  From flowering linden-trees;

And fragrant gusts of gum,
  Breath of the balm-tree buds,
With fern-brake odours, come
  From intricate solitudes.

The elm-tops are astir
With flirt of idle wings.
Hark to the grackles' *chirr*
Whene'er an elm-bough swings!

From off yon ash-limb sere
Out-thrust amid green branches,
Keen like an azure spear
A kingfisher down launches.

Far up the creek his calls
And lessening laugh retreat.
Again the silence falls,
And soft the green hours fleet.

They fleet with drowsy hum
Of insects on the wing.
We sigh—the end must come!
We taste our pleasure's sting.

No more, then, need we try
The rapture to regain.
We feel our day slip by,
And cling to it in vain.

But, Dear, keep thou in mind
These moments swift and sweet!
Their memory thou shalt find
Illume the common street;

And thro' the dust and din,
Smiling, thy heart shall hear
Quiet waters lapsing thin,
And locusts shrilling clear.

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TANTRAMAR REVISITED

Summers and summers have come, and gone
with the flight of the swallow;
Sunshine and thunder have been, storm, and
winter, and frost;
Many and many a sorrow has all but died from
remembrance,
Many a dream of joy fall'n in the shadow of
pain.
Hands of chance and change have marred, or
moulded, or broken,
Busy with spirit or flesh, all I most have
adored;
Even the bosom of Earth is strewn with heavier
shadows,—
Only in these green hills, aslant to the sea, no
change!
Here where the road that has climbed from the
inland valleys and woodlands,

Dips from the hill-tops down, straight to the base of the hills,—
Here, from my vantage-ground, I can see the scattering houses,
Stained with time, set warm in orchards, meadows, and wheat,
Dotting the broad bright slopes outspread to southward and eastward.
Wind-swept all day long, blown by the south-east wind.
Skirting the sunbright uplands stretches a riband of meadow,
Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked well from the sea,
Fenced on its seaward border with long clay dykes from the turbid
Surge and flow of the tides vexing the Westmoreland shores.
Yonder, toward the left, lie broad the Westmoreland marshes,—
Miles on miles they extend, level, and grassy, and dim,
Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance,
Save for the outlying heights, green-rampired Cumberland Point;

Miles on miles outrolled, and the river-channels divide them,—
Miles on miles of green, barred by the hurtling gusts.

Miles on miles beyond the tawny bay is Minudie.
There are the low blue hills; villages gleam at their feet.
Nearer a white sail shines across the water, and nearer
Still are the slim, grey masts of fishing boats dry on the flats.
Ah, how well I remember those wide red flats, above tide-mark
Pale with scurf of the salt, seamed and baked in the sun!
Well I remember the piles of blocks and ropes, and the net-reels
Wound with the beaded nets, dripping and dark from the sea!
Now at this season the nets are unwound; they hang from the rafters
Over the fresh-stowed hay in upland barns, and the wind
Blows all day through the chinks, with the streaks of sunlight, and sways them

Softly at will; or they lie heaped in the gloom of
a loft.
Now at this season the reels are empty and
idle; I see them
Over the lines of the dykes, over the gossiping
grass.
Now at this season they swing in the long,
strong wind, thro' the lonesome
Golden afternoon, shunned by the foraging
gulls.
Near about sunset the crane will journey home-
ward above them;
Round them, under the moon, all the calm
night long,
Winnowing soft grey wings of marsh-owls
wander and wander,
Now to the broad, lit marsh, now to the dusk of
the dike.

Soon, thro' their dew-wet frames, in the live
keen freshness of morning,
Out of the teeth of the dawn blows back the
awakening wind.
Then, as the blue day mounts, and the low-
shot shafts of the sunlight
Glance from the tide to the shore, gossamers
jewelled with dew

Sparkle and wave, where late sea-spoiling fathoms of drift-net
Myriad-meshed, uploomed sombrely over the land.

Well I remember it all. The salt, raw scent of the margin;
While, with men at the windlass, groaned each reel, and the net,
Surging in ponderous lengths, uprose and coiled in its station;
Then each man to his home,—well I remember it all!

Yet, as I sit and watch, this present peace of the landscape,—
Stranded boats, these reels empty and idle, the hush,
One grey hawk slow-wheeling above yon cluster of hay-stacks,—
More than the old-time stir this stillness welcomes me home.
Ah, the old-time stir, how once it stung me with rapture,—
Old-time sweetness, the winds freighted with honey and salt!
Yet will I stay my steps and not go down to the marsh-land,—

Muse and recall far off, rather remember than see,—
Lest on too close sight I miss the darling illusion,
Spy at their task even here the hands of chance and change.

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THE HERMIT-THRUSH

Over the tops of the trees,
And over the shallow stream,
The shepherd of sunset frees
The amber phantoms of dream.
The time is the time of vision;
The hour is the hour of calm;
Hark! On the stillness Elysian
Breaks how divine a psalm!
Oh, clear in the sphere of the air,
Clear, clear, tender and far,
Our aspiration of prayer
Unto eve's clear star!

O singer serene, secure!
From thy throat of silver and dew
What transport lonely and pure,
Unchanging, endlessly new,—

An unremembrance of mirth,
And a contemplation of tears,
As if the musing of earth
Communed with the dreams of the years!
Oh, clear in the sphere of the air,
Clear, clear, tender and far,
Our aspiration of prayer
Unto eve's clear star!

O cloistral ecstatic! thy cell
In the cool green aisles of the leaves
Is the shrine of a power by whose spell
Whoso hears aspires and believes!
O hermit of evening! thine hour
Is the sacrament of desire,
When love hath a heavenlier flower,
And passion a holier fire!
Oh, clear in the sphere of the air,
Clear, clear, tender and far,
Our aspiration of prayer
Unto eve's clear star!

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE IDEAL

To Her, when life was little worth,
When hope, a tide run low,
Between dim shores of emptiness
Almost forgot to flow,—

Faint with the city's fume and stress
I came at night to Her.
Her cool white fingers on my face—
How wonderful they were!

More dear they were to fevered lids
Than lilies cooled in dew.
They touched my lips with tenderness,
Till life was born anew.

The city's clamour died in calm;
And once again I heard
The moon-white woodland stillnesses
Enchanted by a bird.

The wash of far, remembered waves;
The sigh of lapsing streams;
And one old garden's lilac leaves
Conferring in their dreams.

ANTHOLOGY

A breath from childhood daisy fields
Came back to me again,
Here in the city's weary miles
Of city-wearied men.

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TWILIGHT ON SIXTH AVENUE

Over the tops of the houses
Twilight and sunset meet.
The green, diaphanous dusk
Sinks to the eager street.

Astray in the tangle of roofs
Wanders a wind of June.
The dial shines in the clock-tower
Like the face of a strange-scrawled moon.

The narrowing lines of the houses
Palely begin to gleam,
And the hurrying crowds fade softly
Like an army in a dream.

Above the vanishing faces
A phantom train flares on
With a voice that shakes the shadows,—
Diminishes, and is gone.

And I walk with the journeying throng
  In such a solitude
As where a lonely ocean
  Washes a lonely wood.

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NEW LIFE

Since I have felt upon my face thy tears
  I have been consecrated, Dear, to thee.
Cleansed from the stain of hot and frivolous years
  By thy white passion, I have bowed the knee,
Worshipping thee as sovereign and as saint,
  While with desire all human thou wert leaning
To my long kiss, thy lips and eyes grown faint,
  Thy spirit eloquent with love's new meaning.

Since I have seen within thy heart my heaven,
  Life has been changed and earth has grown divine.
Hope, health, and wisdom, these thy love hath given,
  And if my song have any worth, 'tis thine.

Thy hands are benediction, Dear. Thy feet
Are flowers upon the altar of my soul,
Whereat my holiest aspirations meet,
Humble and wondering in thy rapt control.

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A NOCTURNE OF CONSECRATION

I talked about you, Dear, the other night,
Having myself alone with my delight.
Alone with dreams and memories of you,
All the divine-houred summer stillness through
I talked of life, of love the always new,
Of tears, and joy,—yet only talked of you.

To the sweet air
That breathed upon my face
The spirit of lilies in a leafy place,
Your breath's caress, the lingering of your hair,
I said—"In all your wandering through the dusk,
Your waitings on the marriages of flowers
Through the long, intimate hours
When soul and sense, desire and love confer,
You must have known the best that God has made.
What do you know of her?"

Said the sweet air—
"Since I have touched her lips,
Bringing the consecration of her kiss,
Half passion and half prayer,
And all for you,
My various lore has suffered an eclipse.
I have forgot all else of sweet I knew."

To the wise earth,
Kind, and companionable, and dewy cool,
Fair beyond words to tell, as you are fair,
And cunning past compare
To leash all heaven in a windless pool,
I said—"The mysteries of death and birth
Are in your care.
You love, and sleep; you drain life to the lees;
And wonderful things you know.
Angels have visited you, and at your knees
Learned what I learn forever at her eyes,
The pain that still enhances Paradise.
You in your breast felt her first pulses stir;
And you have thrilled to the light touch of her
feet,
Blindingly sweet.
Now make me wise with some new word of
her."

Said the wise earth—
"She is not all my child.
But the wild spirit that rules her heart-
beats wild
Is of diviner birth
And kin to the unknown light beyond my ken.
All I can give to her have I not given?
Strength to be glad, to suffer, and to know;
The sorcery that subdues the souls of men;
The beauty that is as the shadow of heaven;
The hunger of love
And unspeakable joy thereof.
And these are dear to her because of you.
You need no word of mine to make you wise
Who worship at her eyes
And find there life and love forever new!"

To the white stars,
Eternal and all-seeing,
In their wide home beyond the wells of being,
I said—"There is a little cloud that mars
The mystical perfection of her kiss.
Mine, mine, she is,
As far as lip to lip, and heart to heart,
And spirit to spirit when lips and hands must
part,

Can make her mine. But there is more than this,—
More, more of her to know.
For still her soul escapes me unaware,
To dwell in secret where I may not go.
Take, and uplift me. Make me wholly hers."

Said the white stars, the heavenly ministers,—
"This life is brief, but it is only one.
Before to-morrow's sun
For one or both of you it may be done.
This love of yours is only just begun.
Will all the ecstasy that may be won
Before this life its little course has run
At all suffice
The love that agonizes in your eyes?
Therefore be wise.
Content you with the wonder of love that lies
Between her lips and underneath her eyes.
If more you should surprise,
What would be left to hope from Paradise?
In other worlds expect another joy
Of her, which blundering fate shall not annoy,
Nor time nor change destroy."

So, Dear, I talked the long, divine night
through,
And felt you in the chrismal balms of dew.
The thing then learned
Has ever since within my bosom burned—
One life is not enough for love of you.

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FISHERS OF THE AIR

The lake lay in a deep and sun-soaked valley facing south, sheltered from the sea-winds by a high hog-back of dark green spruce and hemlock forest, broken sharply here and there by out-croppings of white granite.

Beyond the hog-back, some three or four miles away, the green seas creamed and thundered in sleepless turmoil against the towering black cliffs, clamorous with seagulls. But over the lake brooded a blue and glittering silence, broken only, at long intervals, by the long-drawn, wistful flute-cry of the Canada whitethroat from some solitary tree-top:

Lean — lean — lean-to-me — lean-to-me — —lean-to-me—of all bird voices the one most poignant with loneliness and longing.

On the side of the lake nearest to the hog-back the dark green of the forest came down to within forty or fifty paces of the water's edge, and was fringed by a narrow ribbon of very light, tender green—a dense, low growth of Indian willow, elder shrub, and withe-wood, tangled with white clematis and starred with wild convolvulus. From the sharply-defined edge of this gracious tangle a beach of clean sand, dazzlingly white, sloped down to and slid beneath the transparent golden lip of the amber-tinted water. The sand, both below and above the water's edge, was of an amazing radiance. Being formed by the infinitely slow breaking down of the ancient granite, through ages of alternating suns and rains and heats and frosts, it consisted purely of the indestructible, coarse white crystals of the quartz, whose facets caught the sun like a drift of diamonds.

The opposite shores of the lake were low and swampy, studded here and there with tall, naked, weather-bleached "rampikes"—the trunks of ancient fir trees blasted and stripped by some long-past forest fire. These melancholy ghosts of trees rose from a riotously gold-green carpet of rank marsh-grasses,

sweeping around in an interminable, unbroken curve to the foot of the lake, where, through the cool shadows of water-ash and balsam-poplar, the trout-haunted outlet stream rippled away musically to join the sea some seven or eight miles farther on. All along the gold-green sweep of the marsh-grass spread acre upon acre of the flat leaves of the water-lily, starred with broad, white, golden-hearted, exquisitely-perfumed blooms, the paradise of the wild bees and honey-loving summer flies.

Over this vast crystal bowl of green-and-amber solitude domed a sky of cloudless blue, and high in the blue hung a great bird, slowly wheeling. From his height he held in view the intense sparkling of the sea beyond the hog-back, the creaming of the surf about the outer rocks, and the sudden upspringing of the gulls like a puff of blown petals, as some wave, higher and more impetuous than its predecessor, drove them from their perches. But the aerial watcher had heed only for the lake below him, lying windless and unshadowed in the sun. His piercing eyes, jewel-bright, and with an amazing range of vision, could penetrate to all the varying depths of the lake and detect

the movements of its finny hordes. The great, sluggish lake-trout, or "togue," usually lurking in the obscurest deeps, the shining, active, vermilion-spotted brook-trout, foraging voraciously nearer the shore and the surface, the fat, mud-loving "suckers," rooting the oozy bottom like pigs among the roots of the water-lilies, the silvery chub and the green-and-gold, fiercely-spined perch haunting the weedy feeding-grounds down toward the outlet—all these he observed and differentiated with an expert's eye, attempting to foresee which ones, in their feeding or their play, were likely soonest to approach the surface of their glimmering golden world.

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AN APPRECIATION

AN APPRECIATION

HE POETRY of a country will naturally reflect the outstanding features and conditions of its existence, as that of France, for example, reflects the intellectual liberalism of its people, its frank curiosity about life and its critical sense of art; or that of Germany its love of systematic exposition and philosophical interpretation of life; or that of Norway the imaginative mysticism of the Norseman, the unforgettable glories of its early Hakons and Olafs, and the charm which its rock-bound coast, its fiords and lonely *gaards* or farmsteads have for the Norwegian mind. So in Canada, which as a united Dominion is still in its youth, one might expect that the natural aspects of the land, which are so varied and on so vast a scale, would exercise an exceptional influence on the mind of her poets.

Canadian poets are by birthright nature-poets and take naturally to singing of woods

whom Cowper's description of the Ouse, or Thomson's picture of the fields in winter were still the models. So Charles Mair describes what was then the wilderness of the West:

Within the vale a lakelet, lashed with flowers,
Lay like a liquid eye among the hills,
Revealing in its depth the fulgent light
Of snowy cloud-land and cerulean skies.

. . . .

And all was silent save the rustling leaf,
The gadding insect, or the grebe's lone cry.
Or where Saskatchewan, with turbid moan,
Deep sunken in the plain, his torrent poured.
Here Loneliness possessed her realm supreme,
Her prairies all about her, undeflowered,
Pulsing beneath the summer sun, and sweet
With virgin air and waters undefiled.

—*The Last Bison.*

Or it is Sangster celebrating the wide harvest fields of Canada:

Where'er the various tinted woods,
In all their autumn splendour dressed,
Impart their gold and purple dyes
To distant hills and farthest skies
Along the crimson west.

The ethical tone of those older poets had, of course, the character of a securely established outlook on life. It was a cheerful, reverent

optimism in the main, which was not seriously disturbed by the vicissitudes of the individual's experience. Here and there the pensive melancholy of Gray or even the sombre pathos of Johnson might make itself felt as a characteristic heritage from the 18th century. The sublimity, the pious reverence, the ethical standards were always of the same type. How bravely they all, Mair, McLachlan, *Fidelis,* sing of the simple life, of honest toil and "cheerful labour, heaven-blest . . . with willing hands and accents musically blythe." No doubt, like all established styles and ways of thought, it could easily become a kind of poetic rhetoric, half conventional in its language and sentiment, though requiring, of course, some exceptional gift of feeling and observation to use it with effect.

In 1864 the federation of the different Canadian provinces naturally awoke a fuller consciousness of a national life, and while it was a stimulus to nearly every form of the national energy, it seems to have given something like new life to the poetic productivity of Canada. In the eighties, with the first generation arising under the new conditions, Canada fairly burst into song, with a group of

tumescent pageant of spring and summer, with its moving, multitudinous music of Pan heard in all the voices of the reawakened earth, while Pauline Johnson naturally likes to linger amongst the haunting shadows and misty evening lights on shores and streams where her Indian forefathers once dwelt.

The chief influences on the new singers were those of the three great English poets: Wordsworth with his penetrating quality and new precision of descriptive touch; Keats with his delicate impressionism and the new imaginative reach of his phrase, which brought fresh tints from a celestial vision of earth and sky; and, most popular and readily assimilated of all, the idyllic manner of Tennyson with its temperate æstheticism and calmly measured melody. There were new notes in all these, a new mode of feeling and expression which the poetry of the eighties in Canada naturally sought to absorb. You can see the difference at once in the descriptive manner of the new poets, in the sensuous or mystical intensity of the verb and in the impressionistic delicacy of the epithet. The dawn no longer chills, it "bites;" it does not rise, it "leaps;" it is nothing so common as rosy, but has some elusive epithet

attached to it, such as "inviolate," or "incommunicable." Darkness and night "reel"; the sea, the wind, the rain, the trees, all "sob"; the stillness of the woods is "expectant"; terms like "elemental," "largess," "lure," "sinister," slipped from their older and narrower usage into a wider power of suggestion. It was an evolution of a new poetic diction which reflected the more intimate sense of the mystery of life and nature which was arising in the new generation. A new and mystic form of romanticism was coming into vogue.

As a poet, Roberts has his own special note in the choir. His first essays were so obviously modelled on the style of Keats that they can hardly be considered more than clever studies done by the disciple in the master's atelier. Of course he soon passed out of that stage, yet there was something in the manner he acquired there that remained a permanent characteristic of his work. The poetry of Keats was a pure and noble form of æstheticism which made a perfect harmony between the good and the beautiful. Like all æstheticism it had a deep sympathy with the great idealisms of the past which had established themselves as traditions of art. In

elegies, Swinburne's passionate interpretations of the darker elements in Greek mythology, and the tales of Morris, though these owed too much to Keats and Chaucer and Spenser to have the quality of an original vision, made a memorable epoch of neo-classical poetry. It was natural that a young Canadian poet like Roberts, with an academic training, and bred in the high traditions of literature cherished at the Fredericton parsonage and the collegiate school where Dr. George Parkin was head master, should think that here was one of the grand highways of poetry and begin with an ambitious treatment of great classical legends in the manner of Keats. In "Orion," "Orpheus," "Ariadne," "Memnon," Roberts imitates the style of the master with a skill which is full of promise in a poet who was not yet twenty. The rich colouring of Keats, his luxurious phrase, his delicate impressionism, his favourite lyrical cries and manner of embellishing his theme have at times the full flavour of his model; the opening stanza of "Ariadne" for example:

Hung like a rich pomegranate o'er the sea
The ripened moon; along the trancèd sand
The feather-shadowed ferns drooped dreamfully
The solitude's evading harmony
Mingled remotely over sea and land.

But these early poems—written before 1880—are too much like mere copies of the master's work. More mature examples of Roberts' neo-classical work are found in his later "Actæon," and "Marsyas." "Actæon," which was published in 1887, is a tale of metamorphosis in the style of Ovid, but the poet has given it a certain piquancy by framing it in Browning's manner as a tale told by a Platæan woman who witnessed the miraculous transformation and was converted by it from scepticism to a belief in the existence of the Olympian gods. The tale is well told, the tense psychological style of Browning and his brusque phrase being harmoniously enough mingled with the picturesque idyllic touches and measured melody of Tennyson. But it is weak at the centre where Browning is always so strong, because it does not realize for us in any deep or instructive way what the struggle of faith and doubt may have been in Greek life. The scepticism of the Platæan woman is vaguely general, and to make her conversion dependent on the actual sight of Diana performing her miracle of vengeance is to mix mythological fable in a rather superficial way with the actual strain and experience of life. One might as well shuffle some of the credulous tales of

does not even hint at the fundamental opposition here between Apolline melody and the music of the goat-foot deity who loves shrill noises. Only one pathetic line hints at the tragedy to come:

> The satyr pipes who soon shall pipe no more

The picture of the forest glade, where poor Pan sits fluting, has true atmosphere and gives a very fair idea of the command Roberts has of the classic Parnassian style:

> A little grey hill-glade, close turfed, withdrawn
> Beyond resort or heed of trafficking feet,
> Ringed round with slim trunks of the mountain ash.
> Through the slim trunks and scarlet branches flash—
> Beneath the clear, chill glitterings of the dawn—
> Far-off, the crests, where down the rosy shore
> The Pontic surges beat . . . .
> There Marsyas sits
> . . . . . nor heeds
> The young god standing in his branchy place,
> The languor on his lips, and in his face,
> Divinely inaccessible, the scorn.

On the whole this classical poetry represents fairly enough certain affinities which the poetic talent of Roberts has for classical moulds of composition with their clear plastic relief, grandeur of outline and elevation of style.

No doubt the promise and power which the

early work of Roberts shows were enough to justify the high hopes of a poetic career which he expressed freely enough then. There is all the purity and ardour of spirit characteristic of the best Victorian period in his "Epistle to Bliss Carman," written when he was in his last year as a student at the University of New Brunswick. Of course he is modest enough to express some doubt of what the future may have in store for him; he is aware the ascent is high and hard, but the doubt is evidently not very painful. The high consciousness of creative power makes him disdainful of all meaner things. He seeks only the pure gifts of the Muses.

All songless ways, whose goals are bare and mute,

but looking hopefully to a higher path, if it be possible:

But *one* path leads from out my very feet,—
The only one which lures me which is sweet.
Ah! might I follow it, methinketh then
My childhood's brightest dreams would come again.

. . . .

Up steep ascents, thro' bitter obstacles,
But interspersed with glorious secret dells;
And vocal with rich promise of delight,
And ever brightening with an inward light

That soothes and blesses all the ways that lie
In reach of its soft light and harmony.
And were this path made for my following,
Then would I work and sing, and work and sing.

It is a strain not infrequently heard in Canadian poets who have the confidence not only of youth but of a young nation behind them. How far promise and potentiality will make themselves good, against the obstructions of a world that has naturally some difficulty in judging such high claims, is always a question. High disdain is so easy at twenty and the gilded visions of a clever youth have the same glory and grandeur whether they are destined to an immortal place in history or fated to shrink with time into pathetic reminiscences. But, after all, the outward obstructions are of little account compared with the self-discipline and intellectual askesis needed to keep the poet at the height of his task, which is that of expressing the higher significance of life truly in terms of his own experience. For in the matter of art the time was passing from a romantic to a critical and realistic treatment of life, and Roberts hardly seems to be aware of all that was implied in that change, though Browning and Meredith were always calling

the new note clearly enough. It is evident, for example, that in Roberts' hands the neo-classical compositions were highly artificial products and did not represent any deep expression of his own experience as the pensive thoughtfulness of the "Thyrsis" does for Arnold, or the passionate strain of "Anactoria" and the "Hymn to Proserpine" for Swinburne. He remains too purely an artist carving out shapes in a fable-land of fancy. But, amongst these classical compositions, the "Ave!" a classical threnody which Roberts wrote for the Shelley centenary in 1892 can count as an exception. It commences, indeed, very irrelevantly with a number of stanzas describing the scenery of his native Tantramar and its tumultuous tides, from which he passes by a most awkward transition to his theme:

The sharp, fierce tides that chafe the shores of earth
  In endless and controlless ebb and flow,
Strangely akin you seem to him whose birth
  One hundred years ago
With fiery succour to the ranks of song
Defied the ancient gates of wrath and wrong.

That is a disenchanting glimpse of cold artifice in the poet's work. But the characterizations of Shelley's life and genius which

follow are brilliantly imaginative and in fine harmony with the genius of Shelley: in particular the apostrophe to the Baths of Caracalla and the sky of Rome, which Shelley himself tells us was his inspiration in writing the "Prometheus Unbound," is a fine piece of work with a sweep of vision and an impassioned music not unworthy of the theme:

O Baths of Caracalla, arches clad
  In such transcendent rhapsodies of green
That one might guess the sprites of spring were glad
For your majestic ruin, yours the scene,
The illuminating air of sense and thought;
  And yours the enchanted light, O skies of Rome,
Where the giant vision into form was wrought;
  Beneath your blazing dome
The intensest song our language ever knew
Beat up exhaustless to the blinding blue!

There are the usual elegiac cries, "Mourn, Mediterranean waters, mourn." . . "Not thou, not thou,—for thou went in the light of the unspeakable," etc., which may pass as part of the grand conventions of this poetic form. More doubtful is the Elysian vision in which Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare and others of the great ones assemble to greet the newcomer, and still more doubtful that conception of Shelley's disembodied spirit looking on his own funeral pyre "with curious

regard." Roberts' inspiration is abundant, flowing, forthright, but it wants the delicacy of instinct, the warning voice that tells when to stop. But the "Ave!" is a splendid effort, full of fiery rapture and impassioned music. The great ten-line stanza with its strong cadences is maintained with unfailing vigour and with the superb rhetorical accent which is so characteristic of Roberts.

II

It may be true that classical themes and the high conventions of art find no very warm reception in a young country like Canada. There is no large public for such, and in any case the touch must be exquisite, unique, full of a potent originality that makes such things really live. Roberts has such touches in this field and yet does not quite succeed in producing perfect and satisfying wholes in it. His artistic sense of a whole is too uncertain, too uncritical of itself. He is like a gifted improviser, full of happy inspirations, but ready to take the first suggestion or descend without compunction into the obvious and the commonplace. It is perhaps partly for these reasons that Roberts is most satisfying as a

poet of nature and has left the deepest impression on the public. A scene of nature is a fixed phenomenon and to some extent furnishes the framework for its descriptive treatment. A careless touch or an ill-judged expansion does not work so fatally on the general effect as in more purely imaginative composition. As a painter of typical Canadian scenes no one has done so much to fix in the minds of his countrymen the general features of pastoral life and landscape, especially as they are found at the coast and amongst the farmsteads of his native New Brunswick. Not to speak of the well known Tantramar poems, the Sonnet Sequence alone, which bears the title of "Songs of the Common Day," is monumental for the completeness of the treatment and the clear plastic relief with which everything is pictured. It is all there, the ploughing and sowing, the spring pastures, the fir-woods, the "rugged acres" of the clearings, the buckwheat fields "with smell of home and honey on the breeze," the May morning, the windy bright September and Indian summer.

INDIAN SUMMER

What touch hath set the breathing hills afire
With amethyst, to quench them with a tear
Of ecstasy? These common fields appear
The consecrated home of hopes past number.
So many visions, so entranced a slumber,
Such dreams possess the noonday's luminous sphere,
That earth, content with knowing heaven so near,
Hath done with aspiration and desire.

The potato harvest, the mowing, the old barn, the midwinter thaw, the clamorous flight of the wild-geese through the darkness of the night, repeat the same motif. These are the well-remembered scenes of his boyhood, and you can see the clear precision of boyhood's vision and impressions in many a trait, in the description, for example, of the old barn:

Tons upon tons the brown-green fragrant hay
O'erbrims the mows beyond the time-warped eaves
Up to the rafters where the spider weaves,
Though few flies wander his secluded way.
Through a high chink one lonely golden ray
Wherein the dust is dancing, slants unstirred;
In the dry hush some rustlings light are heard,
Of winter-hidden mice at furtive play.

There is, on the whole, a healthy objectivity in Robert's descriptive manner; the landscape and its features are given in solid outlines and with a precision of detail that might serve, like Cowper's descriptions, to guide a painter's

composition. But this clear plastic outline is exquisitely softened and refined by that delicate impressionism which he learned in the school of Keats, and its result is a fine blending of realistic observation with a spiritualized vision which can render very successfully the vague, evasive elemental beauty of nature. This is the specific quality of Roberts' nature-poetry and belongs to what is deepest and most original in his poetic endowment. He has always the glance and vision in this region. I don't know that the foreboding autumnal mood of nature has been better rendered anywhere than in his September sonnet:

This windy, bright September afternoon
  My heart is wide awake, yet full of dreams.
  The air, alive with hushed confusion, teems
With scent of grain-fields, and a mystic rune,
Foreboding of the fall of summer soon,
  Keeps swelling and subsiding; till there seems,
O'er all the world of valleys, hills, and streams,
  Only the wind's inexplicable tune.

Nor could anything be finer than his impression of evening at the farmstead "when the cattle come to drink":

The pensive afterthoughts of sundown sink
  Over the patient acres given to peace;
  The homely cries and farmstead noises cease,
And the worn day relaxes, link by link.

The character of Canadian landscape in the older Eastern provinces, at least, is very fully reflected in these sonnets, and it is a true Canadian atmosphere of great open spaces, cool light, and wide, clear horizons that one feels in them; a landscape with no great luxury of colour, the varied bloom of its vegetation being tempered by the clear, cool lustre of a northern sky. As our poet sings:

> Pale, pale the blue, but pure beyond compare.

The thought, the reflective element, in these sonnets is of a less striking and original character than the description; generally, in fact, it is some moral commonplace or far-fetched comment betraying itself clearly as an artificial appendage to the picture. That is the weak side of the series. One does not feel the new soul in it, but only the æsthetic vision. The best known sonnet in the sequence is "The Sower." It is neither the finest in vision nor the deepest in feeling, but it has a perfection of style and clear, picturesque relief which are most appropriate to the sonnet form. The traits are exquisitely select and firmly drawn with a fine economy of stroke.

No doubt it owes something to the fact that it is a poetic transcript of Millet's great picture. Technically it is not absolutely regular, having three rhymes in the octave. Roberts is no stickler for conventional correctness here or elsewhere. As a rule his rhyme system is the pure Petrarchan, but as often as not he disregards the structural division of the thought in the two quatrains, and it is often but slightly marked between the octave and the sestet except where the latter is reserved for the moral lesson or comment. On the whole, this sonnet sequence may be considered the most important of Roberts' poetic works; it represents what is most characteristic in his talent—the new impressionistic rendering of nature which has taken the place of the old romantic colouring as a way of softening reality and adjusting it to an ideal demand.

III

Roberts has given us few pictures of human life in his poetry. It is characteristic both of the time and the man that the sonnet sequence pictures for us everything belonging to rural life except the human figures that are found there. The ideal of a pure nature poetry was

still very strong in the eighties, the influence of Cowper and Wordsworth and Shelley and even of Keats tending almost to over-stimulate the sense of landscape in literature. Even the novelist of those days could not refrain from larding his story with pages of mostly superfluous description of scenery. It is true, Roberts has given us that dainty little idyll of "The Solitary Woodsman," a rare example of human portraiture, in his poetry, but even there he shows much more interest in the scenic surroundings and phenomena of nature than in the psychology of the individual.

All day long he wanders wide
With the grey moss for his guide,
  And his lonely axe-stroke startles
The expectant forest-side.

Toward the quiet close of day
Back to camp he takes his way,
  And about his sober footsteps
Unafraid the squirrels play.

On his roof the red leaf falls,
At his door the bluejay calls,
  And he hears the wood-mice hurry
Up and down his rough log walls;

Hears the laughter of the loon
Thrill the dying afternoon,—
  Hears the calling of the moose
Echo to the early moon.

In his earlier period Roberts wrote a good deal of moral and reflective poetry in which he expresses in the discreet style of that time his attitude towards spiritual problems and questions. He then occupied academic positions, which perhaps tended to impose a cautiously pedagogical tone on his poetry. But in any case he was a son of the vicarage, bred up and living in an atmosphere where the intellectual traditions of the Puritanism both of Old and New England were still deeply rooted, and he was writing for a Canadian public in which all the pieties and reverences of the Victorian age were more alive and unchallenged than even in the mother country. The "Book of the Native," published in 1897, is full of little lyrics which are a kind of moralized nature poetry. Each little lyric has its moral and religious lesson. The poet moralizes in the orchard:

O apple leaves, the mystic light
  All down your dim arcade!
Why do your shadows tremble so,
  Half glad and half afraid?
    The air
Is an unspoken prayer;
  Your eyes look all one way.
Who is the secret visitor
  Your tremors would betray?

The Heal-All blooms on its sterile hillocks to teach us the simple wisdom of life, the daffodil and lily and crocus break from the sod rising from the long dark to the ecstasy of a new day just as man emerges with a spirit aspiring towards the Divine:

> We, of the hedgerows of time,
> We, too, shall divide the sod,
> Emerge to the light, and blossom
> With our hearts held up to God.

It is a simple strain without much originality of thought or form, though it is ornamented here and there with some pretty pious fancy in the manner of Maria Lowell and the moralizing American lyrists of the sixties. In "An Oblation," April, the symbol of Nature's awakening power, offers the "great Artificer" various tributes, first the spring wind, then the northward flight of birds, then "a star from the blue fields afar," but the great Artificer remains unmoved till she lays the pink-lipped bloom of the arbutus at his feet, when He stretches out His life-giving hand and fills the spheres with sunbeams and summer. It is done in pretty little quatrains with the smooth, regular cadences of the old lyrical school of Longfellow and Whittier, and comes

like the poetic echo of a past that the world was forgetting.

In the same volume, however, there are poems which show the new stress modern thought was laying on the poet in his manner of interpreting life and nature. The philosophic conception of nature as a creative force representing a primal urge or *nisus* of the universe in which human life was included, had already found frequent, if mostly casual and incomplete expression, in philosophic poets like Shelley and Emerson. Emerson, in particular, had accustomed the American public to the idea of all life as the effluence of one great power, but in him this pantheistic form of thought was strongly coloured by the philosophy of the great German transcendentalists and their view of reason or spirit as the supreme and only real form of existence in the universe. His cosmic idealism was therefore highly spiritual and could readily ally itself with all that was great and helpful in the ancient creeds. It could include them all as part of one great divine process, and the oracular mysticism with which he expressed his views veiled to a great extent the logical antinomies and incompatibilities which lay below.

But the new scientific conception of evolution which came with Darwin's work gave a new and more concrete basis to the old cosmic idealism. It did not necessarily destroy the older forms of idealism. The logical consequences of the theory might be regarded differently. Materialistic science might consider it proved that all things, all life, were of the same essence and had the same destiny, but to many it expressed only the fact of a kinship of all things in the processes of nature, which yet left room for spiritual grades of reality and a difference of destiny. The poet does not usually examine closely the logical substructure of his idealism, but is content to accept what he can use of the evolutionary teaching while preserving all freedom for his poetic intuitions. He can welcome the new doctrine as opening larger horizons on the nature of life and giving the imagination a new power of realizing its unity and harmony, without destroying either the old spiritualism with which Wordsworth interpreted nature, or even the deistic sentiment of Thomson and Cowper. All these we can see blended in the poetry of Roberts and each may be used alone in his poetic interpretation of nature. It is a

conservative eclecticism which is characteristic of the time, and particularly of the Anglo-Saxon temper and way of thought.

There is no doubt that in the poems which are inspired by this new idea of cosmic unity there is a new vigour of feeling and accent. The poet's sense of the creative power in life, his wonder and admiration, have been deepened and strengthened; he feels he has at last got a new song to sing. In "Kinship" there is the recognition of human life as part of a great nature process in which its truth and meaning are to be found, in which there is healing for its fever and fret; and there is also the recognition of an overruling power which has so disposed things, expressed in the ordinary language of religious experience, and at the same time the poet can pass into apostrophes to that old Greek conception of the Mighty Mother, or something very like it, although he omits the characteristic epithet. It is a blended strain which is characteristic enough of Canadian poets like Lampman and Carman, when they moralize on what the former calls "the dark march of human destiny." Roberts has not quite the delicacy of touch and style of these two, but there is a

robustness, a firmness of outline in his conceptions and a sustained vigour of movement which are all his own:

> Back to the bewildering vision
> And the borderland of birth;
> Back into the looming wonder,
> The companionship of earth.
>
> Back into the simple kindred—
> Childlike fingers, childlike eyes,
> Working, waiting, comprehending,
> Now in patience, now surprise.

There is the usual large vagueness of phrase characteristic of Roberts' thought on such subjects. But what he means to suggest is that there is the guarantee of the universe behind the spiritual aspiration of the soul, "the caged bright bird, desire" as he calls it with picturesque metaphor: his logic may not be unchallengeable, but there is a pathos in his accents, a power of appeal in the rapid kindling flow of utterance which in poetry may count for something more than could be drawn out into a syllogism.

> Back to wisdom take me, Mother;
> Comfort me with kindred hands;
> Tell me tales the world's forgetting,
> Till my spirit understands.

Tell me how some sightless impulse
  Working out a hidden plan,
God for kin and clay for fellow,
  Wakes to find itself a man.

. . . .

How the caged bright bird, desire,
  Which the hands of God deliver,
Beats aloft to drop unheeded
  At the confines of forever:

Faints unheeded for a season,
  Then outwings the farthest star,
To the wisdom and the stillness
  Where thy consummations are.

"To the wisdom and the stillness where thy consummations are," that is the new phraseology by which the poet seeks to soothe and fill the imagination and hide the vagueness of his hope—without laying himself too open to philosophic criticism. In the "Recessional," also, the same cosmic sense of the kinship of all things "faring" into the silence at the knees of God is expressed with the same picturesque vigour of phrase and in even more solemn and moving accents: and, one might add, with the same impetuosity and inspiration of utterance which does not always attend very closely to the logical relation of the words.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Worlds must go as well as we
  In the long procession joining
Mount, and star, and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb
Where the round year rolls sublime,
  Rolls and drops, and falls forever
In the vast of time;

Like a plummet plunging deep
Past the utmost reach of sleep,
  Till remembrance has no longer
Care to laugh or weep.

In "Origins," a poem written in very vigorous short line iambic couplets, he balances Christianity's great revelation of the spirit against the stern determinism of evolution.

  Inexorably decreed
By the ancestral deed,
The puppets of our sires,
We work out blind desires.
  . . . .
In ignorance we stand
With fate on either hand,
And question stars and earth
Of life, and death, and birth.
  . . . .
  But in the urge intense
And fellowship of sense,
Suddenly comes a word
In other ages heard.
On a great wind our souls
Are borne to unknown goals,
And past the bournes of space
To the unaverted Face.

Roberts' philosophic poems reflect fairly enough the culture of his time. He is ready to express in poetic language the obscurity of human destiny and the depths of human ignorance, but generally concludes, as in "Earth's Complines," with a comforting assurance that he has had a vision of the unseen. Of course the poet is by nature a highly emotional being, and there is often a danger that he is paying us with beautiful words and fanciful visions rather than with solid readings from experience. Only late in the history of our civilization do a few of our great ones begin to strive after a really critical standard of thought in such questions, and many of our poets even yet think themselves privileged to deal in beautiful dreams, or as Bacon puts it, the "vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations" without which he says the minds of most men would be poor, shrunken things. And in Canada the best public for poetry still lay in a serious-minded middle class which was not likely to welcome disturbing criticism of established views. Anything that departed much from the moral optimism of *Fidelis*, or the honest confidence of McLachlan, in popular virtue

and the nobility of toil was likely—in lively Canadian phrase—to meet a frost.

It cannot be said that Roberts at this time had anywhere broken through into new regions of thought, though he had produced some good work on traditional lines. His poetry at this period is virtually untouched by any spirit of revolt, or by the subtle reactions of thought which were beginning to influence the modern schools of verse, such as the love of ethical paradox and the neurotic forms of sensibility which distinguished the French symbolists. He has not a little of the poet's high endowment, a lofty and picturesque form of imagination, flow and spontaneity of expression and free rhythmical movement, but the quality of his thought is less impressive, it has not that fundamental originality which deepens and renews our sense of life. At most he gives a poetic expression to ideas which are the current stock of the time. His poetry has the charm of the impressionistic glance and vision, but is weak in the critical interpretation of life which our age is conscious of requiring from the poet, as all the ages have required it, though perhaps less consciously.

IV

In 1896 Mr. Roberts resigned his chair at King's College, Nova Scotia, and went to push his literary fortunes in New York. Doubtless many things were urging him to this decisive change of atmosphere, from which one might anticipate either a new bloom in his poetic productivity or a decay, but at any rate a change. The reasons for his migration were probably not so simple as that which he had hinted at years before in one of his poems, "The Poet Bidden to Manhattan Island":

> You've piped at home where none could pay,
> Till now, I trust your wits are riper.
> Make no delay, but come this way,
> And pipe for them that pay the piper.

Possibly in a more tranquil age he would have been content to go on writing Canadian lyrics and idylls and drawing the modest academic salary. How many Canadian poets have struggled valiantly under much harder conditions to produce the best that was in them, some well-known names even in Canadian literary history, Isabella Valancy Crawford in the poverty and isolation of a pioneer settlement, Sangster in the uninspiring work of

editorship in a small city, Lampman in the dull routine of the Post Office Department and Wilfred Campbell on the smallest of civil service salaries. And he might have reached, as some have in their later years, his deepest notes, and produced perhaps something great enough to take a place not merely in Canadian annals but in world literature. But the fever of an age which is filled with desire to the lips has spread everywhere in these days, and Roberts, with the rich and clamorous sensibilities of the poet, made more demands on life perhaps than were compatible with the stern askesis which in one form or another great art requires of its votaries. "*Entsagen sollst du, sollst entsagen,*" said the greatest master of later times, one, too, whose life, to the ordinary view, seemed to deny itself little. No doubt, also, there was some reasonable expectation on the part of the poet that the contact with life in a metropolitan city, the centre of all great activities on this continent, might have a stimulating effect on his creative, or at least his productive, faculty. At the very least he would have the external support of more important professional connections, associations and circles.

What really happened is now biography, part, one may say, of the history of Canadian literature. The first fruit of his migration was the collection which is called "New York Nocturnes," and it manifests a decided change in the spirit of his poetry, that had hitherto drawn its inspiration from such sacred seats of the Muses as Rydal Mount and Concord and reflected on the whole the quiet influences of Canadian rural life and scenes. But now it has begun to gravitate in another direction, towards that "poetry of the city" which Arthur Symons and other writers of the new school were now declaring to be the true form of modern poetry. It is truly enough a democratic kind of poetry, a poetry of the common crowd, of the masses of humanity that make up the life and movement of a great city, with what the poet can divine of their instinctive impulses, of their casual betrayals of joy or grief, of their secret quests or hopes; a poetry of crowded streets and squares, of the roar and rattle of vehicles, of the chimes of city bells, of the thunder of the passing train. There is a kind of poetry of nature in it too, nature transformed to stone in the massive lines of high buildings, spires, columns and

embankments forming alliances with sky and atmosphere, with morning sunshine or twilight as variedly suggestive in aspect as the landscape of woods and meadows. Henley has done it all admirably in his "London Voluntaries," in just that soft, suggestive style of impressionistic picture which is required to soften the rough edges and intractable contours of such a subject.

New York is certainly not behind London in the wealth of material it offers to the impressionist artist—from Riverside to Battery Point the endless panorama of its great streets and squares, imposing public buildings and gigantic sky-scrapers, the varied local colour of its avenues or its great hotels and the people you meet in them, the subway crowds, the busy river traffic, the wonderful sky-line, all that furnishes by day or night every variety of effect and all the changing lights and shadows of life a poet could wish to choose from. It is rather curious that Roberts makes so little use of it all. The impressionistic power of vision which could picture so well the approach of evening's quiet on the farmstead, or the autumnal melancholy of a September afternoon in the woods, seems to fail him

entirely in the great city. Is it the first touch of decay in the idealizing power, of spiritual weariness in that vigorous and enterprising talent? There is, it is true, a picture of the Elevated Railway at night, very brief and with light, commonplace traits:

> The dark above is sown with stars.
> The humming dark below
> With sparkle of ten thousand lamps
> In endless row on row.
>
> Tall shadow towers with glimmering lights
> Stand sinister and grim
> Where upper deep and lower deep
> Come darkly rim to rim.

And there are rather uninspired lines on the hurrying crowds at twilight on Sixth Avenue, and the deserted aspect of a down-town street at night, but it is all evidently without much heart, a perfunctory external picture of the most obvious elements in the scene. In fact, all that life and movement of the great city excites but little interest in him. It is but the environment for him of "Me and Thee," of passionate lyrics in the style of Rossetti and the erotic school.

> I walk the city square with thee.
> The night is loud; the pavements roar.
> Their eddying mirth and misery
> Encircle thee and me.

The street is full of lights and cries.
The crowd but brings thee close to me.
I only hear thy low replies;
I only see thine eyes.

That is an epitome of the "New York Nocturnes." It is a change of tone which amounts to a transformation of his poetic ideals. The old influences which had nourished his poetic vein, Wordsworth's high cult of nature, Emerson's transcendental spiritualism, the pure æstheticism of Keats, have given place to the erotic interest of Rossetti's "House of Life." The range of notes is much the same, varying from ecstatic self-abandonment to passionate raptures on her hair or the perfection of her kiss. At times, too, there is a mystical idealism which refines the passion into a dreamy, half-religious cult of Eros. In the "Nocturne of Consecration," for example, many tones mingle and some of them are not without depth in a lore that is unfathomable:

Said the wise earth—
"She is not all my child,
But the wild spirit that rules her heart-beats wild
Is of diviner birth
And kin to the unknown light beyond my ken.
All I can give to her have I not given?
Strength to be glad, to suffer, and to know;
The sorcery that subdues the souls of men;
The beauty that is as the shadow of heaven;

The hunger of love
And unspeakable joy thereof.
And these are dear to her because of you.
You need no word of mine to make you wise
Who worship at her eyes
And find there life and love forever new!"

A later volume, "The Book of the Rose," continues the same strain in even more passionate tones. At times you feel the fierce, hot breath of Swinburne and taste the bitter savour of his sentiment, with a faint odour also from the poison-flowers of Baudelaire. The Rose asks, "Why am I sad?" that is, what is the meaning of this infinite sadness at the heart of Desire? And a Wind older than Time replies:

The cries of a thousand lovers,
A thousand slain,
The tears of all the forgotten
Who kissed in vain,
And the journeying years that have vanished
Have left on you
The witness, each, of its pain,
Ancient, yet new.

. . . .

Your wild soul is thronged
With the phantoms of joy unfulfilled
That beauty hath wronged;
With the pangs of all secret betrayals,
The ghosts of desire,
The bite of old flame, and the chill
Of the ashes of fire.

There is no need to ask from whence that

style draws its inspiration. The kinship to Swinburne's "Faustine" is evident. Such imitative strains are perhaps never more than half sincere, that is, they are not an original crystallization of the poet's own thought with the unmistakable imprint of individual experience, but only a form which harmonizes sufficiently with the present mood or situation of the poet to be used in expressing it. This readiness to re-echo another's tone is a weakness in Roberts. In this very volume, filled as it is with subtle perfumes from the erotic poetry of Rossetti and Swinburne, there is an excellent imitation, in "The Stranded Ship," of Kipling's breezy manner and fine rendering of moving incident and adventure.

There are some fine stanzas, undoubtedly, in "New York Nocturnes" and the poetry of this later period, and it is all interesting enough as showing what the change of situation did to liberate a form of sentiment in the poet that had before been silent in the cooler atmosphere of the small Canadian city and Canadian rural scenes. But it may be doubted if his new erotic poetry has added anything really valuable to the poetic achievement of Roberts. For one thing it is little more than a personal

cry which does not touch the universal significance of the subject. That is, it is the older type of erotic poetry, all the keys of which had already been sounded to the full in Rossetti and Swinburne. What modern erotic poetry may do to illumine the nature of life you may see in the great masters, in Browning, or the Swedish Fröding, or the subtle Meredith, where the poet descends through new depths of realism to find new forms of the eternal ideal. These masters felt the need of the time to express frankly the claims of nature, and yet so as to keep alive the higher flame of the spirit and prevent it from sinking into the dust.

But the candour of a world-poetry was hardly to be expected in the case of Roberts. It is not that America or Canada are wanting in sex-tragedies, open and concealed, in revolts, in passionate defiances of the old barriers and limits. I see the tide rising steadily that way in the sex that is most under the pressure of those limits, and in circles that used to be untouched. But a young country with a population of a mixed strain and still at the stage of forming social standards and traditions for itself, instinctively discourages

its intellectual leadership from throwing the gates wide open for social discussion. Widespread as the revolt and questioning may be, the national ethic refuses to acknowledge them in the literature and art that are supposed to reflect its life. And this is partly why our poet, who is not a turner up of new layers in any case, does not get much farther than some sweet honeysuckle verse on the light touch of her hand or the mystical perfection of her kiss.

The culture of a nation must be old and well established before it can breed such fine forms of outbreak as Anatole France, or Arnold Bennett, or Sheila Kaye-Smith. Even in the great United States, with all its political and social audacities, you can see how instinctively certain limits are kept in its higher literature and art. The significant forms of outbreak there are not in the line of "La Rôtisserie de la reine Pédauque" or Strindberg's "Fröken Julia," but the gigantic barbaric yawp of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and the polyphonic prose of Amy Lowell—these are the forms in which the American writer "breaks through"; safely enough, for they are artistically null.

V

Roberts has a true gift for verse. In particular his command of the older types of rhythm is assured and whatever he writes in them is never wanting in truth and vigour of accent and in a natural fluidity of movement. He began with the great classical forms of verse, with the rich rhymes and melodious cadences of Spenser and Keats, a style of verse which reaches its highest form in the powerful handling of the ten-line stanza of the "Ave." The quieter movement of the sonnet also suits him; in his hands it has a uniformly pensive, melodious character and a classical smoothness and elevation of style; perhaps too uniformly; a touch of Miltonic emphasis, the resonant moral note of Wordsworth, or the sharp breaks with which the more modern school accentuates its sentiment might be an agreeable variation. In his lighter lyrics also you see his native tunefulness in a fair variety of notes, ranging from the simplicity of style in little snatches of song like "On the Creek," "Aylesford Lake," "Birch and Paddle," "A Song of Cheer," etc., to the more elaborate strophic form of the lyric which Tennyson made popular.

AYLESFORD LAKE

All night long the light is lying
Silvery on the birches sighing;
All night long the loons are crying
Sweetly over Aylesford Lake.

. . . .

Soon my spirit grows serener,
Hearing saner, vision keener.
In the night's benign demeanour
Peace and Wisdom venture nigh.

Perhaps there is at times something a little too determined in his cadences, a rhetorical hardness of accent which makes the metrical mould too much felt. He is not of the most modern school in this respect. Even his popular lilts and folk-songs, such as "The Barn-Yard's Southerly Corner" and "The Stack Behind the Barn," suffer a little from the hard will which one feels is urging the line. But when the subject requires elevation of feeling and thought, as in the "Recessional" or "Kinship," it carries the emphasis of his accent naturally enough.

In his "New York Nocturnes" there is some experimenting with freer modern forms of verse. The "Nocturne of Spiritual Love" has a combination of a long, highly cadenced Alexandrine with a short line of two feet, which carries the feeling very happily. As a

rule, Roberts' verse has little of that refined modern facture which has followed the Symbolistic movement, the cunning forms of broken and lowered rhythm, the sharp arrests, the scientific use of choriambic and other double classical feet, just as he has little tendency to the later novelties in theme and treatment. In all this he has remained on the grand highway of the older schools. In the "Nocturne of Consecration," however, we have a fair example of his irregular verse. It is written in an apparent Pindaric variety of metre with irregular rhymes, but is really a decasyllabic measure concealed by occasional half-lines and the manner of printing it. The free strophic arrangement and variety of cadences are unusual in Roberts, but it reads very well and expresses effectively enough the feeling of the poem, a sort of meditative monotone varied by the ecstatic utterance of a lover.

On the whole, then, it is the nature poetry of Roberts, Canadian in origin and feeling, that remains his most important contribution to literature. The migration to New York did little for him as a poet and perhaps he rather left behind him amongst the

quiet woodlands and coast reaches of New Brunswick that higher will and finer orientation of the spirit which one feels in his earlier work. At any rate, in these later years we have little that even essays to be a serious contribution to higher literature; little more indeed than fugitive verses to fill a corner in a magazine. What remains of his career might be described with some truth in the words of a well-known French verse:

Un poète mort jeune, à qui l'homme survit.

But, though his poetic vein sank in the stress of New York life, literary work was that by which he lived, and, turning to prose with the native energy of the Canadian, he became quite a valiant craftsman in that field. In particular, his stories of wild-animal life had a circulation which at one time was, I have heard, highly lucrative. His trained eye for scenery was, of course, a material help in such work and he shows what seems to be a competent knowledge of the habitats and ways of wild animals as well as a poet's sympathetic divination of their instincts and motives. Only when one compares such tales with the work of masters of natural history like Burroughs and Jefferies

there is of course a difference. Roberts must popularize his tale with a thread of romance, which gives it the appearance of a fake history, and the reader feels that the course of events is as surely determined by this necessity as the fate of the villain in a magazine romance. In such a story there is likely to be a less careful observation of the trivial, yet characteristic, habits, of the unforeseen, irrational, yet natural, happenings which make animal life interesting and give so much of their charm to the pages of the great naturalists. It is a kind of work which easily falls into lower popular forms of the romantic, though there are famous examples in Tolstoi, Björnson, Kipling and other writers, of what literary art can do to make it classical by charm of style and symbolistic depth of treatment. Roberts' marked tendency towards a traditional romantic treatment of his subject seems always to stand in the way of the sterner effort to make a new reality emerge. You see it also in his novel, "The Heart that Knows." There are fine descriptive pages in it and the local colour of life in the small seaport town is very well given in some scenes, but, as a whole, the

story depends too much on a coarsely romantic and sensational series of events.

It comes to this, that while Roberts' work shows great natural gifts for literature, and perhaps the richest and most robust endowment amongst Canadian poets, it belongs too much to the region of artistic experiment and gives less evidence of an effort to get new and candid readings from his experience than might at one time have been expected from him. The frequency of the echoes and reminiscences one finds in it and the heterogeneous variety of notes shows lack of ethical centre and unity. But even in its weaknesses it is an interesting reflection of a time which is living in the embarrassment of half-beliefs and indefinite compromises, and in traditions which it can neither fully accept nor discard. And there will always remain to his credit those finished pictures of Canadian rural scenes, of the marshes of Tantramar and the coast of New Brunswick.

JAMES CAPPON.

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Reprinted from "The Kindred of the Wild" (Boston, 1902).

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PART V.—BOOKS EDITED OR CONTAINING INTRODUCTIONS BY C. G. D. ROBERTS.

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Selected and edited with an Introduction, by Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A.

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A Study. By F. Blake Crofton, B.A. (With Introduction by Charles G. D. Roberts.)

Printed for The Haliburton by J. J. Anslow, Windsor, N.S., January, 1889. Crown 8vo., printed brown paper wrappers, pp. 73 (-3). "Proceedings of The Haliburton of the University of King's College," No. 1.

WALDEN: or Life in the Woods

By Henry D. Thoreau. With an Introduction by Charles G. D. Roberts.

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By William Carman Roberts, Theodore Roberts and Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald. Selected and arranged, with a Prologue (in verse) by Charles G. D. Roberts, and an Epilogue by Bliss Carman.

Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1899. Crown 4to., red buckram, pp. vii-12-86.

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SAPPHO: One Hundred Lyrics

By Bliss Carman. With an Introduction by Charles G. D. Roberts.

Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1904. Wide royal 8vo., light green paper boards, white parchment back, pp. xx-130. Edition: 500 copies (numbered). The last 100 copies (unnumbered) were issued with imprint of the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, 1905, in dark green cloth.

PART VI.—BOOKS CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS BY MR. ROBERTS—POETRY.

SEPTEMBER (An Anthology)

Edited by Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. (1886). Wide foolscap 8vo., white cloth, yellow linen back, pp. xxvi-158. "Through the Year with the Poets" series. Contains "In September," by Charles G. D. Roberts, here first published in regular book form.

OCTOBER (An Anthology)

Edited by Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. (1886). Wide foolscap 8vo., cloth. "Through the Year with the Poets" Series. Contains "Before the Hint of Storm" and "The Potato Harvest," by Charles G. D. Roberts, the latter being here first published.

SONGS OF THE GREAT DOMINION

Voices from the Forests and Waters, the Settlements and Cities of Canada. Selected and Edited by William Douw Lighthall, M.A., of Montreal. London: Walter Scott, 1889. Thick post 8vo., decorated blue cloth, pp. xl-465. Contains twelve poems by Charles G. D. Roberts, three ("Burnt Lands," "The Fir Woods," and "Frogs") being here first published.

Reissued, condensed and in smaller format, in 1891 as "Canadian Poems and Lays, Selections of Native Verse reflecting the Seasons, Legends, and Life of the Dominion," the twelve poems by Charles G. D. Roberts in the original volume being all reprinted.

YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS, 1830-1890

Edited by Douglas Sladen, B.A. With an Appendix of Younger Canadian Poets, Edited by Goodridge Bliss Roberts, of St. John, N.B. New York: The Cassell Publishing Co., (1891). Crown 8vo., dark blue cloth, pp. lii-666. Contains eight poems by Charles G. D. Roberts, one ("Salt") being here first published.

LATER CANADIAN POEMS

Edited by J. E. Wetherell, B.A. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, 1893. Foolscap 4to., brown cloth (also printed grey paper boards, and stiff printed wrappers), pp. ix-187. Portraits. Contains seventeen poems by Charles G. D. Roberts; of which "The Silver Thaw" "Canadian Streams," "Autocthon," "Song," "Epitaph for a Sailor Buried Ashore," "Grey Rocks and Greyer Sea" "A Song of Growth," "The Clearing," "The Waking Earth," "When Milking Time is Done," "In the Wide Awe and Wisdom of the Night," and "The Night Sky," are here first published in book form, the others having appeared originally in Orion and Other Poems (Philadelphia, 1880).

CANADIAN SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS

An Album of Portraits and Autograph Poems (Compiled by Edward S. Caswell). Published for the Ladies' Aid Society of Broadway Methodist Tabernacle, Toronto, by William Briggs, MDCCCCII. Wide crown 8vo., decorated

dark blue-green paper wrappers, pp. 45. Portraits and facsimiles. Contains autograph facsimile of Charles G. D. Roberts' "Life and Art," with portrait.

CANADIAN POETS

Chosen and Edited by John W. Garvin, B.A., Toronto: McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart (1916). Thick 8vo., red cloth, pp. 471. Contains seven poems by Charles G. D. Roberts, all here first published in book form, with portrait, sketch and extracts from Prof. Cappon's "Roberts and the Influences of His Time" (Toronto, 1905). This book originally contained thirteen poems chosen from Roberts' various volumes, but owing to copyright difficulties was suppressed, only twenty-five copies being issued.

PART VII.—BOOKS CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS BY ROBERTS—PROSE

PICTURESQUE CANADA: The Country as it Was and Is

Edited by George Monro Grant, D.D. Illustrated with over 500 engravings on wood.

Toronto: Belden Bros. (1882). 35 parts, large 4to., decorated wrappers (subsequently issued in two vols., cloth). Vol. II contains "New Brunswick," by Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A.

IN PERIL: True Stories of Adventure

Boston: D. Lothrop Co. (1887). Foolscap 8vo., decorated grey-green cloth boards, pp. 181. Frontispiece and other full-page illustrations by Henry Sandham and others. Contains "Bear vs. Birchbark," by Charles G. D. Roberts, constituting the first appearance of a story by him in book form.

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INTERNATIONAL SHORT STORIES

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